

The



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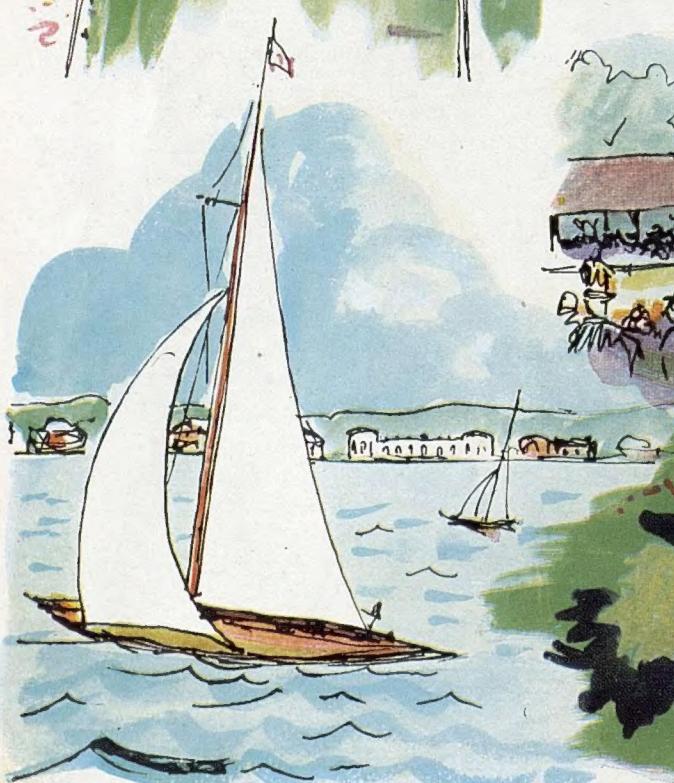
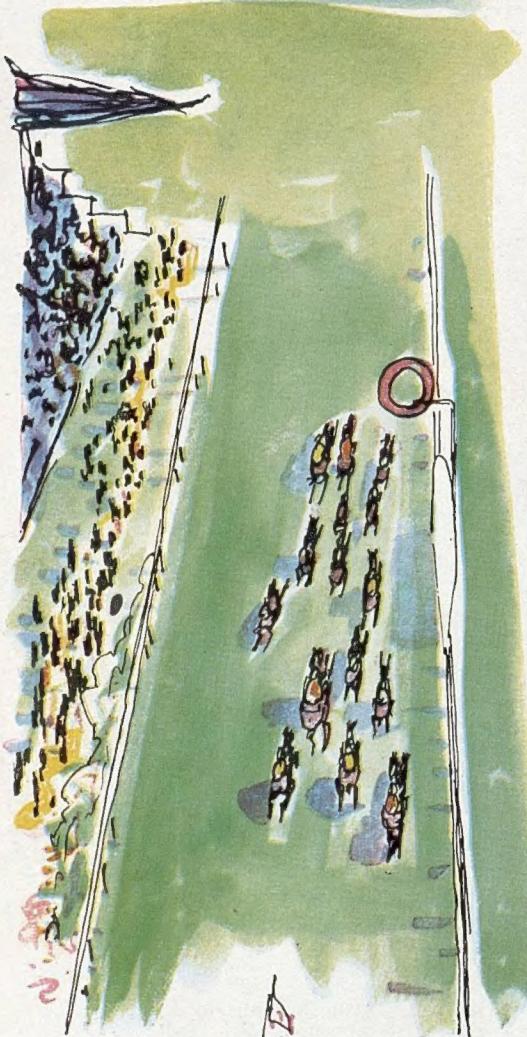
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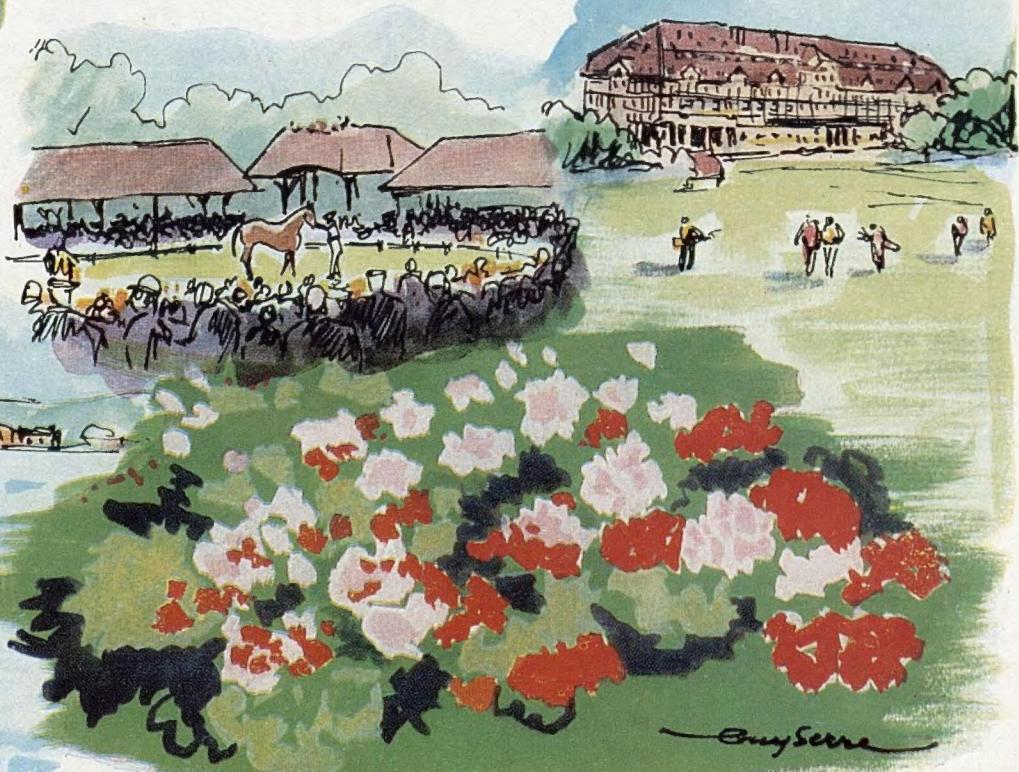
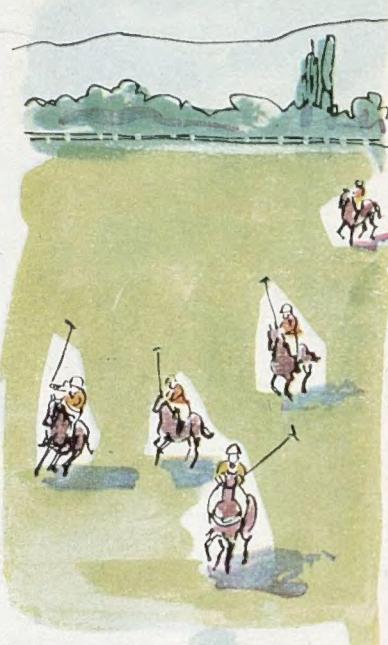
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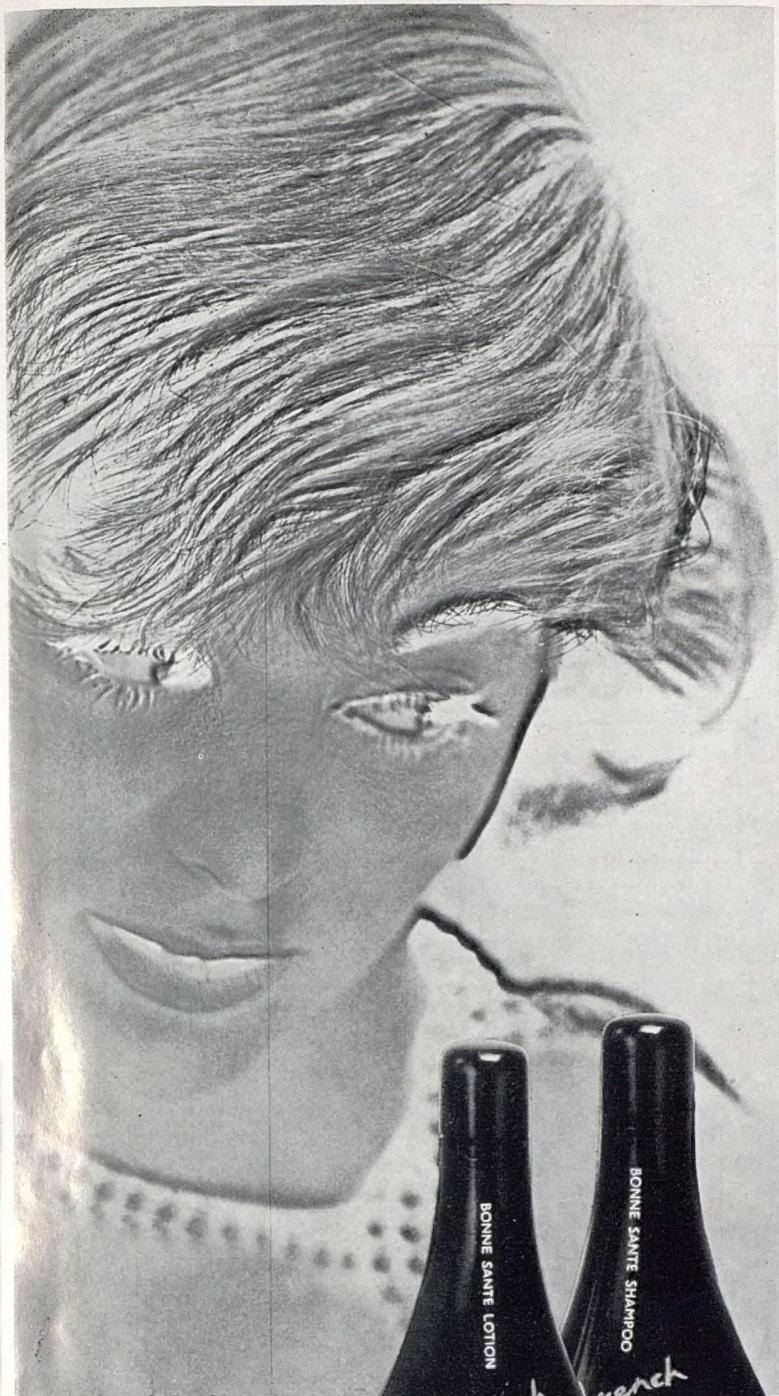
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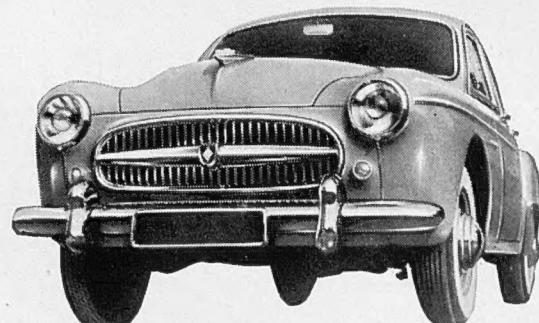
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(298)

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candles & on
my joy of course
at receiving this
this week's Tatler, which

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MRS. HANS LARIVE is the wife of Lt.-Cdr. E. H. Larive, Royal Netherlands Navy (retd.). She was formerly Miss Herta Sant, and her parents live in Singapore, where her father is manager of the Chartered Bank of India, Australia and China. Before her marriage Mrs. Larive was one of the British team of models which was chosen to go to the Riviera and Monte Carlo last year. Her husband was one of the first prisoners to escape from Colditz in 1942. Among his many decorations are the Netherlands V.C. and the British D.S.C. and bar. The Larives now live at The Hague where Mr. Larive is general manager for the Shell tanker fleet of Holland

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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From April 4 to April 11

April 4 (Wed.) Eton breaks up.

First night of *The Good Sailor* at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

April 5 (Thurs.) Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attends the annual conference of the National Union of Teachers at Blackpool and receives purses on behalf of the Benevolent and Orphan Fund of the Union.

The Duchess of Kent pays a three-day visit to Germany, visiting the 2nd Tactical Air Force and the 1st Bn. the Queens Own Royal West Kent Regiment of which H.R.H. is Colonel-in-Chief.

First night of *The Power And The Glory* at the Phoenix Theatre.

The Woodland Pytchley Point-to-Point at Dingley.

April 6 (Fri.) Prince Philip visits Trinity House, Hull, to accept the casket and scroll of Honorary Brotherhood of the Corporation and to re-open the Navigation School.

Mr. Yehudi Menuhin and Mme. Gina Bachauer give a joint recital in aid of the National Playing Fields Association at Witanhurst, 41 Highgate West Hill, N.6, the residence of Lady Crosfield.

The New Forest Hunt Ball at New Forest Hall, Brockenhurst.

April 7 (Sat.) The Queen and Prince Philip attend the Inaugural R.A.F. Anniversary Concert at the Royal Albert Hall.

Lady Roborough's dance for her daughter the Hon. Myra Lopes, at Maristow, Roborough, South Devon.

Mrs. Christopher Firbank's dance for the coming-of-age of her son, Mr. Giles Firbank, at Hoplands, King's Somborne, Hants.

F.A. Amateur Cup Final at Wembley.

Oxford and Cambridge Sports at White City.

Point-to-Points: The Meynell (Aston-on-Trent), Blackmore Vale (Oborne, nr. Sherborne), Essex (Matching Tye), Grove and Rufford (Markham Moor), New Forest (Salisbury), North Warwickshire (Alcester).

Racing at Catterick Bridge and Windsor.

April 8 (Sun.) Inter-County Championship Squash final at the Naval and Military Club.

April 9 (Mon.) First night of *The Crucible* at the Royal Court Theatre.

Racing at Wolverhampton (two days).

April 10 Preview of *The Chalk Garden* at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, in aid of the ex-Services Welfare Society.

First night of *Hamlet* at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-upon-Avon and opening of the Shakespeare season.

British Sailors Society Bridge Party at the May Fair Hotel, from 2.15 to 6 p.m.

April 11 (Wed.) Princess Margaret visits the Research Establishment at Harwell.

Mrs. Alan Russell and Mrs. T. F. Adams's cocktail party for Miss Genia Russell and Miss Gilliam Adams at the Hyde Park Hotel.

First night of *The Chalk Garden* at the Haymarket Theatre.

Racing at Cheltenham (two days).

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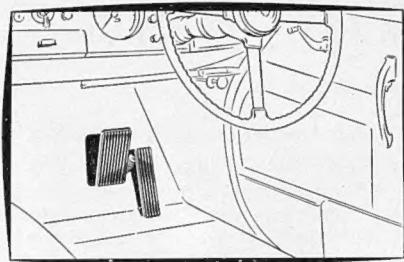
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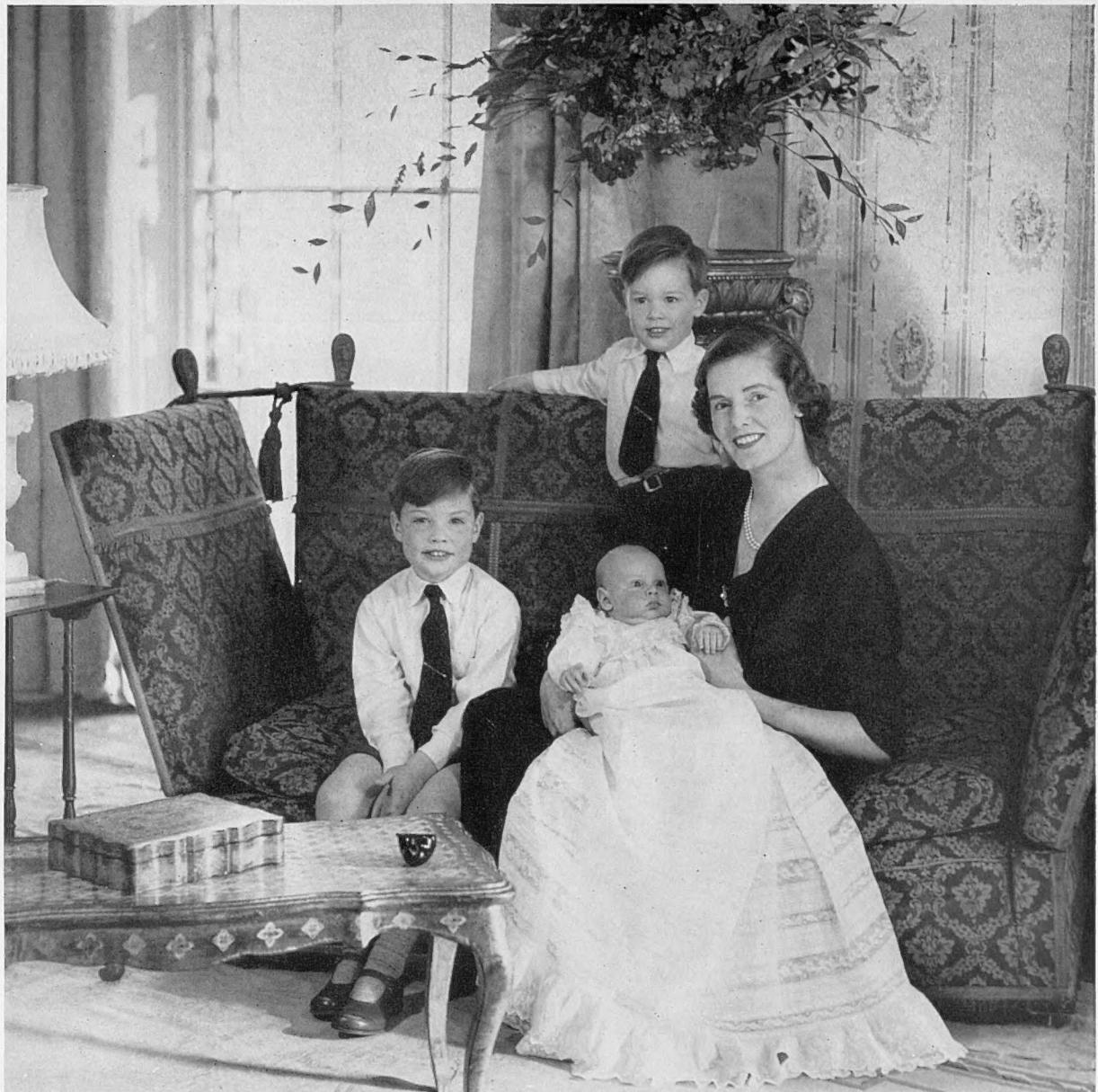
Lady in a celestial antique shop

MISS SALLY CHURCHILL, seen here amid a galaxy of symbolic flora and fauna, is the daughter of Mr. John Spencer-Churchill, the painter and sculptor, and of the Comtesse de Chatellus. She is a great-niece of Sir Winston

Churchill, and a niece of Lady Eden, wife of the Prime Minister, possessing the tremendous vitality which is such a characteristic of this famous family. She was one of 1952's most popular débütantes and is now interesting herself assiduously in the arts

AT MAISEMORE PARK

DAVID MICHAEL ANTONY, three-month-old youngest son of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Nall-Cain, is here with his mother and two elder brothers, Charles Ronald George, aged four, and Richard Philip Christopher, a year younger, at their home, Maisemore Park, Glos. David was christened in Gloucester Cathedral by Dr. Askwith, Bishop of Gloucester. Among the godparents were Viscount Hereford and Lord Bruce. The Hon. Ronald Nall-Cain is the elder son of Lord Brocket



David Farrell

Social Journal

Jennifer

PARTIES IN PRESENTATION WEEK

THE week of the Royal Presentation parties at Buckingham Palace was that chosen by many hostesses to give cocktail parties for their débütante daughters. On the Monday night there were four. Lord and Lady Brocket gave one in the House of Lords (by kind permission of the Lord Great Chamberlain) for the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, who looked very pretty in pink lace. The same evening Lady Elizabeth Oldfield gave a cocktail party for her daughter Sarah, Viscountess Leverhulme one for her daughter the Hon. Susan Lever, and Mrs. Stephen Cannon for her débütante daughter Tessa.

I went first to Lord and Lady Brocket's delightful party where the guests included many older friends. Among these were Lord and Lady Cornwallis, Lord and Lady Raglan, Lady Killearn, the Lord Chancellor Viscount Kilmuir, Lord Mowbray and Stourton, and the Bishop of London, a very old friend of Lord and Lady Brocket, who was accompanied by his daughter. Also Lady Lilian Austin and her two daughters, Viscountess Maitland and Lady Mary Maitland,

Lady Mary Burghley and the Hon. Angela Cecil, Lady Jean Zinovieff with her elder son Mr. Douglas Mackintosh, and Sir Nicholas and Lady Cayzer with their daughter Nichola, who came out last year.

OTHERS present were Lord and Lady Chesham and their good-looking daughter the Hon. Joanna Cavendish, the Earl and Countess of Mexborough, their sons Viscount Pollington and his brother the Hon. Anthony Savile, Lady Francis Hill and her son and daughter Mr. Robin Hill and Miss Caroline Hill, Lord and Lady Remnant and the Hon. Susan Remnant, Sir Denys and the Hon. Lady Lowson and their débütante daughter Gay, Lady Charlotte Chetwynd Talbot, the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor and Miss Julia Stonor, Mr. Miles Huntingdon Whiteley, Sir Rhys Llewellyn, Lady Ann Elliot and her daughter Victoria who had her cocktail party a few days later, and the Hon. David Nall-Cain.

From the House of Lords I went on to Mr. Peter and Lady Elizabeth Oldfield's home, where a very gay party was in full swing. Their débütante daughter Sarah is a most

attractive girl with great charm, and was busy, like her parents, looking after and introducing her young friends including Lady Anne FitzAlan Howard who came with her parents the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk who, when I arrived, were having a long talk with the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley who had brought their daughter Nicolette.

Sir Donald and Lady Anderson were there with their attractive daughter Jennifer, and I saw Mrs. Kleinwort and her débütante daughter Charlotte, and the Earl and Countess of Home with their daughter Lady Caroline Douglas-Home, Mr. John Slesinger and the Hon. Angus Ogilvy, who came on from Lord and Lady Brocket's party.

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I WENT on to Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner's house in Lennox Gardens, where her sister Mrs. Stephen Cannon was giving a party for her daughter Tessa, a very attractive girl who was wearing a dark blue dress with touches of white. Although it was nearly eight o'clock when I arrived here the party was still in full swing. Tessa's cousins, Miss Victoria

Cannon who also makes her débüt this year, Miss Merle Ropner, Sir Leonard and Lady Ropner's elder daughter, who will be a 1957 débütante, and Mr. David Baily, were helping to look after the many young guests. Other young people there included Miss Clare Mount, Miss Mary Dawn Illingworth, Mr. Jeremy Pinckney and Miss Penny d'Erlanger.

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EARLIER in the day I had been to a committee meeting at the Berkeley Hotel to discuss plans for the Débutante Dress Shows to be held there on April 30 and May 1, in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. Countess Cadogan took the chair most efficiently, which was not an easy task in a restaurant filled to overflowing with débütantes and many of their mothers. Before the meeting closed about fifty of the débütantes paraded in front of the Chairman and M. Jacques Heim, who is kindly making the collection this year. It is from these girls that the fifteen who are to be chosen to wear the clothes at the actual shows will be selected.

Among the pretty girls I noticed parading were Miss Jane Allday, Miss Victoria Cannon, Miss Jennifer Carey, Miss Caroline Dalgety, Miss Penny d'Erlanger, Miss Caroline Dowding, Miss Carlotta Horton and Miss Anne Hood, an exceptionally neat and well-turned-out girl.

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On the Tuesday of Presentation week, Lady Francis Hill and her son Mr. Robin Hill gave a cocktail party at the Hyde Park Hotel for Miss Caroline Hill, Lady Mount and Lady (Donald) Anderson gave one for Miss Clare Mount and Miss Jennifer Anderson, and the Hon. Mrs. Orloff gave one at her home in Welbeck Street for Miss Maya Whittall, a charming girl who was presented the following day by her mother Mrs. G. W. Whittall.

Lady Francis Hill's party was perhaps the biggest of the week. Her guests to meet Caroline numbered between four and five hundred and included many older friends, also quite a few débütantes of the last two seasons. Among the latter I met Miss Carolyn Barclay who came with her parents, Miss Sally Whitelaw, Miss Henrietta Crawley, Miss Diana Child who came with her father Sir John Child, Miss Valerie Maxwell and Lady Mary Lindsay-Bethune who, with her mother the Countess of Lindsay, was talking to the Hon. Lady Lowson and her daughter Miss Gay Lowson. The latter had been hostess at a most successful and enjoyable fork luncheon party for over a hundred débütante friends at the Dorchester that day.

At Lady Francis Hill's party, the young people, besides many of those I have mentioned at the other parties, included the Hon. Tom Manners, Mr. Christopher Hartley, Mr. Euan Johnstone who is now stationed at Caterham, Miss Sally Hambro, an extremely pretty girl who came with her mother Lady Hambro, the Hon. Cecily Somerset, another attractive girl, Miss Zandra Seely who came with her father Mr. Victor Seely, and Lady Anne FitzAlan Howard. Also the very pretty young marrieds, Mrs. Patrick Telfer-Smollett, Mrs. Robin Cayzer and Mrs. Euan McCorquodale, the latter accompanied by her husband.

Here I also met the Countess of Munster looking very bronzed after her stay in Jamaica, her sister-in-law Lady Joan Birkbeck, Cdr. and Mrs. Colin Buist and Mr. Peter Oldfield.

Lady Mount and Lady (Donald) Anderson's joint party the same evening for their débütante



COUNTESS CADOGAN presided over a committee meeting for the Débutante Dress Show to be held at the Berkeley Hotel. Above: Miss Isabel Mitchell parades before Mr. W. R. Leathes, Countess Cadogan, Mons. J. Heim, Mrs. Newton Sharp and Mrs. Fenwick

Miss Annabella Drummond with her mother Mrs. J. C. Quinell



The Hon. Mrs. T. C. Talbot, the Hon. Mrs. P. Legh and the Hon. K. Palmer



Mrs. R. D. Poore with her daughter Miss Angela Farley

Van Hallan
Miss Alison Bradford and Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross



Van Hallan

A PORTRAIT OF PRINCE PHILIP in flying kit was recently installed in the mess at Fighter Command H.Q., Bentley Priory, Middlesex, at a formal luncheon. Here Air Vice-Marshal G. P. Chamberlain and Air Marshal H. L. Patch, Commander-in-Chief Fighter Command, were looking at it with the artist, Miss Anna Zinkeisen

daughters Miss Jennifer Anderson and Miss Clare Mount, two charming girls, was a very gay and happy affair, and went on quite late for a cocktail party.

The following evening Mr. Ralph Cobbold and Mrs. Jo Vandaleur gave a very original cocktail party for their twin daughters Clare and Anne Cobbold who attended one of the Presentation Parties at Buckingham Palace. I will be writing about their party next week.

here on a visit from America with her husband, the Marques de Alcantara and the Conde de Artaza.

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SPEECHES were kept very brief after dinner at the Hampstead Conservative Association Ball which took place at the May Fair Hotel. The first speaker was Lt.-Col. the Hon. John Fremantle, President of the Ball Committee. He was followed by the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmuir, who as usual spoke brilliantly, packing much into a few words. Finally the Rt. Hon. Henry Brooke, M.P. for Hampstead and Financial Secretary to the Treasury, spoke, after which dancing started. Viscountess Kilmuir, charming in red with long red gloves, danced the first number with the Hon. John Fremantle, while her husband sat and talked to Hampstead's M.P. and Mrs. Brooke, who is the very able Vice-Chairman of the Conservative Party. For those who did not wish to dance there was a tombola where they could try their luck.

About three hundred and fifty attended this very successful ball which was splendidly organized and run by Lt.-Col. H. Ashley-Scarlett. Among those present were Sir Colin and Lady Anderson, Mrs. T. Blumenthal, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Sunley, Mrs. Ashley-Scarlett, Mrs. Thelma de Chair, the Hon. Mrs. F. Bennett, wife of the L.C.C. representative for Hampstead, Mr. H. Snowman, a former Mayor of Hampstead, and Mrs. Snowman, deputy chairman of the Ball Committee. Also the Hon. Mrs. Catto, Sir John and Lady

His Excellency the Spanish Ambassador gave a small and delightful reception at the Spanish Embassy in honour of the clever Spanish actress Señorita Conchita Montes, who was last over in this country two years ago. This time she has come over to play the lead in *The Ball*, a period play by Edgar Neville, which opens in London in May. The author of this play is in private life the Count of Berlanga and he is over here to produce it. It is having a short tour, including Malvern, Dublin and Southsea, before coming to London.

Among film and theatrical personalities at the party were the film producers Mr. Douglas Fairbanks and Mr. Ivan Foxwell, while the stage and television were represented by Jack Buchanan with his wife, who wore a pink tulle hat with her black dress, Moira Lister who came with her husband Vicomte d'Orthez, and Mr. Gilbert Harding. Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks was another guest at this reception, also Professor de Salis, Mrs. Jack Heinz, who is over

Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Nicholls who came in Miss E. Beer's party, Mr. Ian Mactaggart, Miss S. Bodley Scott and Mr. G. Milne, another former Mayor of Hampstead, and his wife.

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WHEN Mr. and Mrs. George Ansley were over from Paris on one of their rare visits for a few days recently, they gave two parties at Claridge's, where they were staying, on consecutive nights. The first one was a party with dancing for his elder daughter Penelope, a most attractive and charming girl who came out last season. At this there were about a hundred young friends including many girls, who had made their début last season. Among these were Miss Tessa Ruscoe, Miss Sarah Garnett, Miss Nichola Cayzer, Miss Elizabeth Rhys, Miss Camilla Roberts, Miss Ruth Huggins and Miss Sally Probart-Jones. Slightly older girls and some of the young men at this happy party which ended at a reasonable hour of around 2 a.m. were the Hon. Mary Stopford and Sir Nicholas Nuttall, whose very attractive cousin, Miss Susannah Shaw, is making her début this year under the care of his mother, Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick, as her mother, Mrs. Kirkpatrick's sister, is living in America. Another aunt, Countess Cairns, presented her to the Queen last month, but she cannot help with her season as she is just leaving for Ceylon to be near Earl Cairns whose ship has been posted to the East Indies.

ALSO at Penelope Ansley's party were the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Miss Norina Stewart Clark, Mr. Tim Thornton, Mr. Dominic Elwes, Mr. Mark Jeffreys, Mr. Bernard Camus and Mr. Robin Gage. Mr. and Mrs. Ansley's party for their own contemporaries the following evening was much smaller. This was a delightful dinner party in a private room for about twenty of their friends whom they especially wanted to see during their very brief stay. Among these were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolf de Trafford, Mr. and Mrs. John de Laszlo, and his brother Mr. Philip de Laszlo, whose pretty wife could not come as she had a bad cold. Sir Edward and Lady Baron, who are shortly off to America and Canada on a business trip, Admiral and Mrs. Durlacher, Mr. and Mrs. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Noble and Mr. and Mrs. John Max Muller were other guests at this party.

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THE Queen, wearing a tiara and diamond necklace with a crystal embroidered, ice-blue satin dress, the Queen Mother in yellow, and Princess Margaret in black velvet, were all present at a Gala at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This was to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and the proceeds were in aid of the Ballet's benevolent fund. The beautifully chosen programme glittered with stars, headed by Margot Fonteyn who, as always, danced exquisitely. She gave an enchanting performance in *Entrée Japonaise*—the first time it had been given in England. The Royal party were met on arrival by Viscount Waverley, Chairman of the Royal Opera House, Viscountess Waverley in white with an aquamarine tiara, Dame Ninette de Valois in purple, and several others closely connected with the Sadler's Wells Ballet. With the Royal ladies were the Countess of Euston, Lady Margaret Hay, General Sir Frederick Browning, who is a great connoisseur of ballet, Major Edward Ford, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Bonham-Carter.

Viscount and Viscountess Waverley had the Marquess of Lansdowne, Lady Eden in crimson velvet with a pearl tiara and Sir Gladwyn

and Lady Jebb over from Paris, in a box with them. Among others in the audience I saw the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, the Belgian Ambassador and the Marquise du Parc Locmaria, the Portuguese Ambassador and his two charming daughters Mlle. Madalena and Mlle. Clara Pereira who were in white and watched the performance from one of the boxes, and the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich with Lord and Lady Cornwallis. Also Mme. Hägglof, wife of the Swedish Ambassador, who was talking to Countess Jellicoe during one of the intervals, the Marquess and Marchioness of Normanby with friends in one of the boxes, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley wearing her fine diamond and emerald parrure, Mr. "Rab" Butler with Sir Oliver and Lady Franks, Lady Pamela Berry with Sir Malcolm Bullock, and Lady Ropner escorted by Mr. Ian Bailey. Others included the Hon. Randal Plunkett, Viscount Moore, Lady Marks, Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Mrs. Alister Finlayson with Mrs. Whiteside, Lady Cohen, and Lord Wakehurst, the Governor of Northern Ireland.

VISCOUNTESS ASTOR is the very youthful, but very efficient, chairman of the Mask and Dagger Ball which will take place at Grosvenor House on May 7. This is one of several events being held throughout the year to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of the Central School of Speech and Drama and to raise money for the School. Many famous actors and actresses have trained at the School including Sir Laurence Olivier, Peggy Ashcroft, Jack Hulbert, Ann Todd, Claire Bloom, Virginia McKenna and Mary Ure.

It is the only institution in the British Isles which offers courses for three professions based on speech, and its wide scope of work ranges from the interpretation of poetry and dramatic literature to the cure and correction of major and minor speech defects. The premises now in use at the Royal Albert Hall and 52 Hyde Park Gate are quite inadequate for the continuation and expansion of the work, and the Governors need £50,000 quickly so that they can buy and equip suitable premises to provide classrooms, a library and a canteen for 250 students.

Lady Astor has had both committee meetings at her house, and among those helping her on the committee are Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, Lady George Scott, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the Hon. Mrs. Harry Cubitt, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Mr. Dan Massey, Mr. Hugh Astor and Mr. Maurice Birks, who is the honorary treasurer. Tickets for the ball at

[Continued overleaf]



A **Mansion House Dinner** was given by the Worshipful Company of Needleworkers to celebrate their 300th anniversary. Above: The Master, Mr. Montague Temple, Mrs. Montague Temple, Warden Mr. F. L. Leigh-Pollitt, Lady Shepherd and Warden Sir Walker Shepherd

Sir J. Smyth, V.C., M.P., and Lady Smyth



Sir Gerald and Lady Slade



A. V. Swaebe

Mrs. Sheppard, Sir Thomas Moore, Lady Moore and Mr. Gay Sheppard



Major Clive Bossom, Sir Alfred Bossom, M.P., and Lady Barbara Bossom



Mr. Ralph Lane, Clerk of the Company, Mrs. Lane and Miss Zannia Lane



The Irish Club Banquet and Ball was held at the Piccadilly Hotel on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. It was attended by over 500 people among whom were the Irish Minister for Agriculture, Mr. James Dillon, and Earl Attlee, who were the guests of honour. Above: Mr. M. Schollick and Miss Paddy Wright with the piper, Laurie O'Dowd, who played guests into dinner

Miss Geraldine Kirby and Miss Moya Corr

Mr. A. H. Brown and Miss Enid Tuck



The Irish Ambassador Mr. F. Boland, Mrs. J. Dillon and Mr. J. Dillon

which, besides dinner, there will be a good band and cabaret, may be obtained from Lady Astor, C.S.S.D., Royal Albert Hall, S.W.7.

★ ★ ★

LADY WEEKS, wife of Lt.-Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, one of the most illustrious of Old Carthusians, is chairman of the Charterhouse Ball to be held at the Dorchester Hotel on May 24. This is to raise funds for the Charterhouse Mission, which does wonderful work running boys' clubs and girls' clubs in the East End, with its headquarters in Southwark. The Governors of Charterhouse include the Queen, the Queen Mother, the Archbishop of Canterbury, General Lord Ismay, the Hon. Mr. Justice Pearce, Sir George Schuster and Lt.-Gen. Weeks.

The need to balance the annual budget of the Mission makes the raising of more money, to offset rising costs and dwindling receipts, absolutely essential, so it was decided to hold a Ball. As with anything she undertakes, Lady Weeks is already working hard for it, and it will include an all-star cabaret which will help to make the evening a tremendous success. There are quite a number of Old Carthusians with débutante daughters this year, who it is hoped will bring young parties and encourage other young friends to buy tickets. Even if you cannot be present you can send a donation. Tickets for the Ball may be had from Lady Weeks, c/o the Registrar, Charterhouse, E.C.1.

★ ★ ★

IWENT to a committee meeting at Lady Irene Astor's London house to discuss arrangements for the annual garden party she organizes so well in aid of that wonderfully good cause the Sunshine Homes for Blind Babies. This is to take place at The Holme, Bedford College, in Regent's Park on July 11. This is always a very amusing afternoon and one which children enjoy immensely, so put the date in your diary now. There will be the usual stalls, side shows, including swings, roundabouts, entertainments, and some of the animals from the zoo, also a regimental band. Both last year and the previous year over £1,000 was raised by this garden party for the Sunshine Homes.

At the meeting I met Countess Jellicoe who is going to support the party staunchly and will surely take some members of her young family, the Hon. Mrs. John Mills, who will run the produce stall with Mrs. Edmund de Rothschild (who was also present) and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, the vice-chairman, who each year helps the party along in the most practical way. Lady Swinfen and Mrs. Diana Daly, who are running the miscellaneous stall, were at the meeting, also the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Russell and the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ford who are going to run the children's stall with Lady Buckhurst and Mrs. Gerard Leigh.

FROM here I went on to a committee meeting which Lady Dalrymple-Champneys took to discuss plans for the Distinguished Visitors Dinner at the Savoy Hotel on May 16. Princess Marie Louise has promised to attend this event at which it is expected several Ambassadors and many other distinguished personalities will be present. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, who always takes her meetings in the gayest and most amusing manner, told us that Viscountess Kilmuir, one of the best after-dinner speakers in the country, has kindly said she will speak. Lady Bruce-Gardner is vice-chairman and others at the meeting included Marie Marchioness of Willingdon, Mrs. Molly Edgar, May Lady Stott, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash and the Hon. Mrs. Evans-Freke. Tickets for the dinner are available from Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, Flat A, 114 Queen's Gate, S.W.7.

Desmond O'Neill



Miss Gay Lawson and Lady Lawson

A débutante luncheon

MISS GAY LOWSON, débutante daughter of Sir Denys Lawson, former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Lawson, was given a delightful luncheon party by her mother at the Dorchester Hotel which was attended by some 180 débutantes

Carolyne Sykes, Miss Jane Cornwall and Miss Teresa Hopkinson



Miss Sonia Avory and Miss Diana Wigram



Miss Kirsty Dundas and Lady Anne Nevill



Miss Jennifer Chamberlain and Miss Willow Hare

Miss Marika Hopkinson and Miss Isobel Mitchell

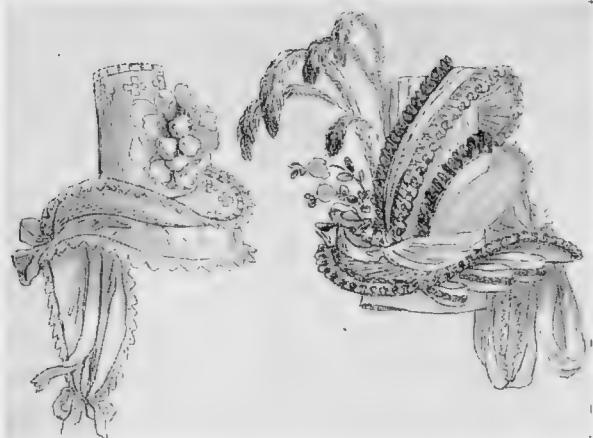
Miss Fiona Fender and Miss Catherine Buckley



Desmond O'Neill

Miss Carlotta Horton, Miss Helene de Miramon and Miss Jane Allday





Late eighteenth-century bonnets (above) had a decidedly military air, with a rare and reckless abandon of detail. Thirty years later the aspiring beau was invited (right) to admire the flying saucer style. Still later the coalscuttle line (below) had a great run, with some examples in which a beautiful lady spy could roam untrammelled by fear of identification



EASTER BONNETRY

• Elspeth Grant •

THE first night of *Chu Chin Chow* may or may not have been, as Sir Herbert Tree is alleged to have remarked, "navel rather than millinery"—but about Easter there is no doubt at all: it is definitely and indisputably a millinery occasion and has almost certainly been so since pagan times when with wreathéd heads we celebrated the wild, sweet rites of spring, and maidens, flower-decked, made the most of the well-known fact that at this season a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

The Easter Parade as we now know it, was, I learned with surprise, invented by the Americans: you cannot persuade me that it has not its origins in the pagan past. The young persons who disport themselves in Hyde Park wearing caged parrots, whirring windmills, stuffed alligators and suchlike tomfoolery on their noddles in the hope of catching a photographer's eye have entirely mistaken the purpose of the event. An Easter bonnet must never be regarded as a mere passport to the rotogravure: at its best it should be something between a tribute to Flora and a mating call.

Preferably small, extravagantly feminine, feather-light, flower-fresh, the Easter bonnet sets out joyfully to allure. Its tonic effect on the wearer is incidental but unquestionable: it can banish in a trice the memory of winter woes (the burst pipes in the back bathroom, the ceiling down in the guest-room newly decorated against Aunt Maud's annual visitation) and brighten, as otherwise only a new love affair can, the eyes above which it ideally perches.

SURE enough, the pale spring sunshine can be cruel to skins from which that old curmudgeon, Time, has brushed away the bloom of youth—but what is veiling for, if not to flatter? And since artificial aids to beauty are now quite the thing, the most respectable of us can put on a brave new face. Concealment, as practised by the Duchess of Oldenburg, is no longer necessary. The bonnet to which this lady gave her name in 1818 was one of the very deep "poke bonnet" variety, with side-flaps like the blinkers worn by carriage horses. Gentlemen pronounced it discouraging and it never achieved much of a vogue but—proving my point that allurement is the object—was rapidly modified to a becomingly arched brim lined with frilling and rosebuds to make an enchanting frame for even a faded face.

From France came the romantic, wide-brimmed straws,



Still in the Regency, bonnets such as these appeared to possess an independent life of their own, virtuoso examples of the milliner's art which made their point without benefit of wearer

tricked out with all manner of delicious frippery and tied on with a velvet ribbon, passed over the crown and under the chin. By the middle of the century, the chic Easter bonnet tended to be a bright velvet pork-pie number, with a bunch of garden flowers in front and a wisp of chiffon floating out behind. Came the flat straw sailor, worn well forward in the modern style, with, for femininity's sake, a cascade of lace at the back.

This reminds me: the most becoming Easter bonnet I ever had was just such a flat-brimmed affair adorned with a single, overblown tea-rose to set off the crisp black straw. My household help stared at it in gratifying rapture: "Oh, madam," she said, "I do like that hat. Isn't it what they call a *bloater*?" Probably only Picasso could do justice to the vision her innocent words conjured up in my mind's eye.

Since reminiscence has reared its nostalgic head, why shouldn't I tell you of the time when my indulgent mother allowed me, at the age of sixteen, to go shopping for an Easter hatting entirely on my own? My ambition then (absurd and, of course, long since abandoned) was to look older than my years but, having tried on a series of sophisticated turbans and toques of the kind favoured by the late Queen Mary, I realized that I was going too far.

REJECTING these elegant and dignified creations, I chose instead a rather jolly model which would have been eminently suitable for an elderly fruiterer's widow desirous of advertising her late husband's calling. It was in burnt straw and almost entirely covered with cherries, which appeared to be made of scarlet patent leather, furry little miniature quinces, glazed crab-apples and bunches of glistening, blown-glass red-currants which tinkled very prettily when shaken.

I wore my dream-hat home—pleased with but not quite sure of myself. As I opened the door, I ran into my father, who was on his way out. He stepped back and looked me over carefully, his blue eyes puzzled under raised eyebrows. Breathless and a little on the defensive, I said, "Don't you like it? It's my Easter bonnet." He put his head on one side. "It looks," he said, mildly, "more like a harvest festival."

My mother tactfully garnered the fruit, re-trimmed the good straw shape with a modest ribbon and assured me that basically I had made an admirable choice. I was allowed to keep the darling bunches of red-currants: I hung them on a thin cord at my bedroom window and when the night wind stirred them they chimed minutely and musically—like tiny, faint, far-off bells of Faerie. This I found consoling. It put me, I felt (presumptuously, as I now realize), close to Tennyson ("the horns of elf-land faintly blowing") and Rupert Brooke ("I heard



John French

This 1956 bonnet by Vernier has shed all the extravagances of the past, and greets the spring with a Botticellian elegance. Its simple boldness of design is entirely of our own time

the thin gnat-voices cry, Star to faint star across the sky") who were, of course, my favourite poets at that time.

Strange how we remember our hats, particularly our Easter hats, and their associations. Some of us even keep them as a reminder of happy days gone by. A dear old lady of my acquaintance still preserves the hat she wore when she met and made a conquest of her second, and favourite, husband—at Eastertime in 1901. It is a flattish toque of pleated mauve and grey chiffon ("I was in half-mourning, you see") and on top of it are three small grey birds, in the very act of taking off.

Whether through moth or constant contact with the lid of a hat box, the little creatures are as bald as coots but there's still a knowing, purposeful, match-making gleam in their beady eyes. My old friend looks at them fondly—but is really seeing dear, gallant Henry, who died untimely in the Boer War. "He very much admired me in this—he couldn't resist me, he said. He was such a handsome man, too," she murmurs, gently stroking the bonnet which had so effectively besnared him.

HE married again in 1910 but has preserved no millinery mementoes of that union. "Hats were getting terribly *big*, you know—rather silly and not a bit pretty." By 1912 they had become monstrous and in order to wear them at all it was necessary to have a large and elaborate coiffure to prevent a total eclipse of one's features. A good, firm "rat" under the puffed-out hair was essential if one wished to brave the Easter breezes without loss of dignity: to this "rat" a hat the size of a cartwheel was savagely skewered with hatpins resembling side-weapons. The general effect, though striking, must have been a mite forbidding and I doubt whether they appealed to the gentlemen whom, intentionally or otherwise, they kept at arm's length.

World War One sent the "rats" into banishment. Close-cropped heads became the fashion and upon them, in the twenties, the abominable cloche settled like a blight. We liberated ourselves eventually—and the deliciously frivolous, beguiling, beckoning Easter bonnet came into its own again. It has survived World War Two and will defy the atom bomb, the H-bomb and all the other horrors of men's devising: it stands for femininity, eternal and invincible.



Mr. N. Wyatt



The Hon. J. Lawrence



Mr. Justice Stable, M.C.

Miss B. Muir, Capt. H. Lumsden
and Capt. C. Radcliffe

Miss S. Buxton, Miss D. Preston, Miss C. Judd,
Mr. C. Doughty and Mr. M. Maude



At the Races

TURN OF THE SEASON

WHY the casualty lists, equine and human, have not been heavier during this recent obnoxious weather is just due to those interventions of a benign Providence which sometimes comes to our aid, for things have been bad enough to kill anything. The horse has been saved by the fact that it was quite impossible to do any real work such as a Lincoln or National horse ought to have been doing at this particular moment. I should say that less galloped fields have hardly gone out for either race of the Spring Double and it is lucky that the casualty lists in the Grand National, in particular, have not been heavier.

Where the human element is concerned some of us have lost the number of our mess, and one whose place it will be very hard to fill is Major Sir John Crocker Bulteel. He was missed at Aintree, and he will be missed at Hurst Park and Ascot—and by his friends always. Queen Anne may have founded Ascot but I find it difficult to believe that it was ever as well run as it was under Crocker Bulteel.

HIS family's connection with racing is a long one. He was the son of the late Mr. G. Bulteel, who bought *Manifesto* just after he had won the Grand National for the first time. Mr. Bulteel believed that he was good enough to win it again, and he was so certain of it that he chartered a special train and took all his Stock Exchange friends down to see him do it. His pluck was well rewarded,

for the horse won, gallantly ridden by George Williamson. Crocker Bulteel had another claim to eminence, having been in one of the last cavalry charges in the history of the British Army—at Elma-Ghar in Palestine in World War I.

Lord Bicester was one of the greatest pillars of National Hunt sport, and it was cruel luck he never realized his great ambition, to win the Grand National. Like Crocker Bulteel in a much later generation, Lord Bicester was an Old Etonian, and there are many who may still remember him in those early days.

Admiral Sir Walter Cowan loved fox hunting next best to fighting and he was a regular little fire eater. You couldn't hold him off if there was a fence in front, and though he was not what could be called a great horseman, he

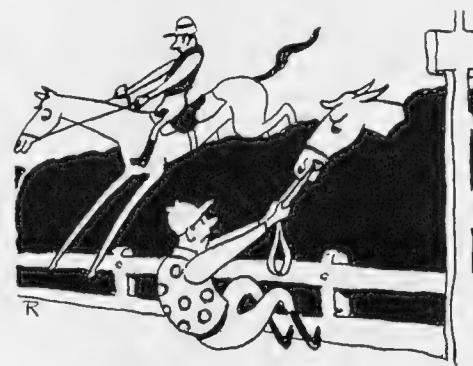
made up for everything by his enthusiasm. I saw in one notice of his demise that someone called him "stocky." He was nothing of the kind, for he was very thin and a very light weight as his Navy nickname suggested. They called him "Little Tich."

After the National we glide imperceptibly into the flat and almost forget what a steeplechase horse looks like; but before we do it we have to face many cold days. I do not think there is anything more trying than the kind of wind you can find at Lincoln or Newmarket where we nearly congeal in that blast that blows in from the sea. I have known it so cold on Guineas day that nothing would keep the wind out. There is not a vestige of anything to stop it, but on the other hand Guineas day at Newmarket can be almost as cosy as a hot day at Lord's when you have nothing to do but watch Eton knock spots out of Harrow, or Oxford put it across Cambridge. And yet we find the more robust sex, even at Newmarket on that blasted day, swearing that nylons are really warm! If men were compelled to wear things like that they would just curl up.

To revert, I have always believed that the only way in which to keep warm at some steeplechase meetings is to have a go yourself, and how one has wished that it were possible to shed two or three score of the fast fleeting years and find oneself once again in a nice comfortable five-or six-pound saddle, even if it is on the back of a rocky jumper whom you know is going to do something to hurt you before you are through with him.

Anyway there is always that kindly Doc with his spot of brandy to pull you together while he is doing the necessary setting part of it. I mean everything bar legs because of course they "put you to sleep" for them!

—Sabretache



LEGAL SPORTSMEN

THE Pegasus Club (Bar) Point-to-Point Races were held at Little Kimble in Buckinghamshire, and a large crowd enjoyed some very exciting racing. This year's president of the Club was His Honour Judge T. Elder-Jones, and many members of the legal profession supported this popular event



Mr. N. M. McElligott comes in on Carolar II



A. Swaebe Mr. C. Taylor, Mrs. T. Elder-Jones and His Honour Judge T. Elder-Jones



Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Tattersall



Mr. D. Voelcker, Mr. M. Karmel and Miss J. Sibley



Miss M. Ford and Miss M. Browne-Clayton

Dr. Edward Nottidge lunching with Mrs. Mark Romar



Miss C. Macaskie, Mr. G. Moriarty, Miss L. Tower and Mr. J. May





Roundabout

Cyril Ray

FIVE Easters ago, I spent the holiest night in the calendar of the Orthodox Church, the Eve of Easter, at one of the holiest places of all Russia—the monastery-fortress of Zagorsk, where Boris Godunov lies buried; still, in spite of its industrial outskirts, a huge complex of cathedral and churches, and still (in spite of the frowns of the orthodox Communist at the orthodox churchman, and in spite of the then-terrible Stalin) with a tolerated seminary of fluffy-bearded novice priests.

As dusk fell on Easter Eve the open spaces of the little walled town of churches were crammed with people; the chubby cheeks of shaven-headed boys and the bright eyes of peasant girls all lit from below by the candles on the Easter cakes they had brought to be blessed.

Inside the great cathedral, the little

churches, and the frivolous little birdcage of a chapel that was some Tsarist whim, the worshippers stood in long patient lines for the priest to sprinkle holy water on their cakes and on their coloured and stencilled eggs; waited to kiss saintly relics and ikons and priestly hands.

STALIN's state disapproved, but had long given up actually interfering with the practice of religion (save to forbid it to party-members), and Easter worship was countenanced to the extent of putting on patient policemen to direct and control the eager crowds of worshippers—until as the excitement reached its height at midnight, the crowds surged in towards the altars, and a bewildered, free-thinking Englishman could have been seen tossed into the cathedral on the crest of the crowds like a cork on a wave,

hat gone, coat torn, feet bruised, his ears ringing with the triumphant *Christos Voskres!*—“Christ has risen!”

* * *

TWO young nephews—one on either side of the family—decided to make their appearance within a few weeks of each other, and I was faced with the problem of christening presents. Should it be the traditional silver spoon and pusher, for use in the near future; or a rattle to wave at uncle from the pram? I decided to take the long-term view, and consulted my wine merchant, who told me that the 1945 ports, which are going to be wines of the century, are taking longer to grow up than any more recent vintage (the 1950s are going to be delicious, but very soon) and ought to be

magnificent when young Oliver and young Nicholas are twenty-one.

So I laid some down for each of them: I like to think of glasses of Taylor 1945 being raised to me in 1977.

* * *

As part of the regiment's tercentenary celebrations in June, the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards is to parade at dusk at the foot of the great belfry of Bruges, the town where it was raised.

It is natural enough that the Low Countries—the cockpit of Europe—should have many and varied links with units of the British Army, but this must be the oldest link with the Brigade, as the most recent must be the Welsh Guards' gift (to commemorate the Liberation) of the full dress of the regiment to the incontinent little "oldest citizen" of Brussels, the bronze Manneken-Pis.

* * *

BEING still a freeholder of Albany, that worldly cloister in Piccadilly, where I lived for twelve years until I was married, I was interested to read in the *Manchester Guardian* the other day that one resident there has decided to defy what he calls "a non-U fad" and to refer to his home as "The Albany."

This desperate character quotes street plans and distinguished literary gents from one end of the nineteenth century to the other, in support of the "the-ist" cause, and correctly enough: but he is wrong to consider the current usage as either "a fad" or as "non-U."

My friend and fellow- (though rather senior) freeholder, Mr. William Stone, who is now, in his hundredth year, still resident in A.1, Albany, and who has been a freeholder since 1878, tells me that it was at the turn of the century that he and other residents decided that "the Albany" sounded "like a public house" (indeed some cabbies would drive to "the York and Albany"), and quite deliberately set about dropping the definite article from writing paper and from conversation. So that many Albany residents would regard the present fashion as U, beyond a doubt—being Albany's own choice.

So that whereas in 1893 the curtain rose at the St. James's Theatre on "Aubrey Tanqueray's Chambers in the Albany," it rose in Shaftesbury Avenue exactly half a century later on a play by Mr. Terence Rattigan, himself then a resident, in which an American Air Corps lieutenant wakes from an all-night jag with "where am I?" to be answered, "You're in my chambers in Albany."

Already, in 1935, Muirhead's *Blue Guide to London* was referring to "the Albany, styled simply 'Albany' by the quidnuncs." I cherish the word "quidnuncs" inordinately.

* * *

NOWADAYS I live in Islington, which is much more suited to both my purse and my station, and an Eastertide walk in the park means not



PAT SMYTHE is recognized as the world's greatest woman rider, showing herself more than equal to men in a field of sport that calls for exceptional qualities of nerve, skill and determination. Latest of a long line of achievements was her winning of the Grand Prix at Brussels International Horse Show in March. Not the least of the reasons for her phenomenal success is her genius for training her own horses

Green Park or St. James's, but Clissold Park, between Islington and Stoke Newington—not so good an address, admittedly, but with graces and amenities not vouchsafed to the parks in postal district S.W.1. As I shall explain.

I first heard about Clissold's treasures when I was told of the small boys taken on a choir trip to Blenheim and promised that they would see something terribly exciting—real deer in the park. "Garn," they replied; "deer ain't no treat to us; we come from Stoke Newington."

Sure enough, there are deer in Clissold Park, N.16—and not only deer. Hopping about in the open, even in the winter, behind their wire fence, enchantingly unexpected and improbable, are pert and agile beasts with great muscular tails, and pouches. Some say wallabies; some say kangaroos—but whichever they are, show me the like in any of your West End parks!

* * *

MENTION of the remarkable Mr. Stone, who was born in the year of the Indian Mutiny, reminds me of a centenary that falls today, and that deserves at least a passing thought. It is that of the death of Miss Elizabeth Gray, who was 108 when she died in Edinburgh on April 2, 1856. She had outlived her father by more than a

century, her half brother by 128 years.

There are those—though not many—who have lived longer, but I like to think of a Scotswoman who was born only a couple of years after Culloden and lived to hear of the Highlanders' thin red line at Balaclava.

The venerable Betty Gray recalled to a Victorian chronicler Mrs. Piozzi's friend, the Cornish gentlewoman, Zenobia Stevens, who rode ten miles to her landlord's home at the expiry of the ninety-nine year lease she had once bought. The landlord gave her the house for the rest of her life and pressed her, too, to a glass of wine. Miss Stevens drank, but refused the second glass: it was twilight, she said; her horse was young; and she didn't want, she said, "to make myself giddy-headed."

* * *

RECENTLY I went down to Warminster to see the boys of Lord Weymouth's School—the small endowed school in a beautiful Queen Anne house there—put on Clifford Bax's *The Rose Without A Thorn*.

A boy of fourteen played Kathryn, and I was surprised how charmingly and sensitively: the scene in the Tower, where Kathryn asks to see the headsman's block, and fumbles for its edge, moved me intensely. Perhaps Shakespearian and the other Elizabethans were better served than we imagine by their boy players of women's parts.

What also occurred to me, as I watched the play, and talked to the players afterwards in the chalk-scented formroom where they dressed, is what a good thing for a school is a vigorous dramatic society. Not simply for the sake of what Stephen Potter calls Eng. Lit.—though to act great lines is a more direct way to understanding them and loving them than is parsing and analysis—but because acting can do as much as any manly sport to teach the team spirit, and in some cases to boys who would never learn it on the playing field

I WAS delighted, incidentally, to be met on arrival at the station by the headmaster in a long, rakish Delahaye—a gallant and powerful French motor car for which he had just exchanged a similarly sporting Healey. A passion for fast cars, and knowledgeability about them, must be rare in beaks—and must commend them warmly to their charges.

Though now I come to think of it, perhaps sports cars have a special appeal to some academic minds. When I visited Cambridge's newest women's foundation, New Hall, a term ago, a woman don drove me to lunch in a roaring Bentley half as old as my house, and twice as big.

THE EDITOR REGRETS that owing to printing difficulties over which he has no control, in this issue of The TATLER certain regular features have had to be omitted.

He asks respectfully for the tolerance of his readers and begs to assure them that it is hoped to resume normal publication as soon as possible, when the well-known contributors now absent will be restored.

Gliders' Appeal Ball

MR. JOHN PROFUMO, M.P., was guest of honour at the World Gliding Championship Appeal Ball at Londonderry House, given to raise funds to send a British team to the world championships in France in July



Mr. and Mrs. Philip Wills, Mrs. Ann Lorne Welch and Mr. Lorne Welch

Mr. M. Brewer, Miss Janet Rutherford, Mr. M. Erskine, and Miss G. Fitzgerald



Miss Christine Chapman and Mr. John Holder

Mr. R. Salisbury-Jones, Miss B. Bristow, Lt. J. Stanley and Miss P. Black



A. V. Swaab

Mr. and Mrs. John Profumo with Mr. W. A. H. Kahn, ball organizer, and Mrs. Kahn



Mrs. S. J. Kolkman, and Miss Gerda Brok from Holland

Water colourists' show

FIVE hundred paintings at the annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours demonstrate that this peculiarly English art is still flourishing widely. The private view at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, was very well attended



Mrs. Norman Wilkinson, Mrs. R. P. Garnons-Williams and Mr. Norman Wilkinson, C.B.E., President of the Institute

Miss Juliet Clough-Taylor and Capt. T. L. Morony



Miss Catherine Michell and Mrs. Eric Michell



Miss Prudence Raper and Miss Robina Crockwell



Desmond O'Neill

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Elam

ALL READY FOR THE SUMMER BREEZES

• Gabor Denes •



Mr. Kenneth Preston and Mr. John Raymond sailing in *Tania*



Above: Mrs. H. G. Thomas, Mr. I. Lake and Mr. P. Davy. Below: Mr. and Mrs. E. North



A MONTH of Siberian blasts has caused some delay in preparations in all parts of the country, but while it may be a little late starting, the outlook for the coming season is most auspicious, as these happy pictures of owners and their friends fitting-out in the Hamble River testify.

It is only a few weeks ago since Prince Philip was elected president of the Royal Yachting Association, and it is not yet fully realized what a great gain this is—besides the honour—for the sport of sailing in the widest sense.

The new President's practical knowledge of sailing, his intellect, energy and zeal at the head of a well tried and wise Council will give British yachting just the kind of leadership it needs, and after the last decade of growth and transformation under the presidency of that G.O.M. of yachting, Sir Ralph Gore, we can confidently look forward to further progress and a golden future with the Prince at the helm.

It is going to be a rich and important season in many ways; the number of regatta and dinghy fixtures is greater than ever, and the number of boats, particularly that of the smaller ones, is also much on the increase. The second National Boat Show has given further stimulus to this growth, and the fact that exhibiting boatbuilders invariably reported good business, tells of the possible number of new boats which will enter the water this season.

To take one example, the South Coast One Design Class, started only just over a year ago, has surprised even its most ardent advocates by its rapid multiplication. Originally designed by Charles Nicholson as a small cruising and racing yacht with good accommodation for four, to cost under £1,000, the figure now is nearer £1,500, but considering the size and performance this is still excellent value, only possible to achieve by standardization and construction in numbers.

The first S.C.O.D., Franklin Woodroffe's *Caviare*, was launched at Easter, 1955, and by the end of that season there were six boats racing with excellent results. In September they raced as a class from Cowes to Cherbourg, and it is believed that this was the first cross-Channel race ever sailed by one-designs.

This season will see twenty-six boats in the class, with a full racing programme in the Solent.

The great event of 1956 is the Olympic Games to be held at Melbourne in November, and this summer the British team will be engaged in tuning up before and after the final selection. Taking some classes concerned in order of size, the selection of *Vision* in the international 5.5 metre class is almost a certainty. Lt.-Col. R. S. G. Perry, who represented Great Britain in the last Olympics in the same class, had *Vision* designed by Arthur C. Robb specially for the forthcoming Games, and in her first season last year she looked as if she would fulfil the owner's and designer's expectations. She has proved superior to all other British boats and came out undisputedly on top in the Olympic Trial Races. No further trials will be held, unless *Vision* is challenged by a new boat. If this should happen, the trials will take place after Cowes Week in the Solent. Dragon Class prospects are uncertain. In last year's trials *Tania* (Kenneth Preston and John

Martyn West watches his father, Mr. F. W. West, paint a racing mark





Windward work during one of the Sharpie trials

Raymond) was just ahead of W. Gordon Smith's Vana with Mrs. R. Garnham third in a very old boat, Rin-Jin. But the ascendancy in this class is by no means settled. There are well over one hundred Dragons in the ten racing fleets in Great Britain, and many of the owners—who have incidentally just formed the British Dragon Association—are having new boats built for the coming season. Mrs. Garnham's new boat which is being built in Denmark may easily present a challenge for the leadership, and should she win the trials, we would send a lady helmsman to the Olympics for the first time in history.

The International twelve square Metre Sharpies is one of the classes in which we have a good chance of winning a medal, as our strongest opponents, the Dutch, cannot always win against our best. Last season's trials for the single-hander Finn class did not produce any decisive results; there are a great many of our younger dinghy helmsmen in the top class, who might be finally chosen.

OCEAN racing is to have a busier season than ever. The Royal Ocean Racing Club is giving as many as fifteen races, starting with the usual Southsea to Harwich race on May 4, and including a race to San Sebastian from Cowes for the first time since the war. Many new ocean racers have been built during the winter and are joining the fleet shortly. There is no Fastnet Race this year, but the Bermuda Race is held across the ocean, in which Foxhound (The Hon. Mrs. Pitt-Rivers) and Kay (S. Frisell) are to take part.

The most unusual and colourful event of 1956 is going to be the International Sail Training Ship Race to be sailed from Tor Bay to Lisbon, in July. A committee under the chairmanship of Capt. John Illingworth, R.N., has been working on the preparation of this major international nautical event which will stir the hearts of all lovers of sail and square rigged ships. The British entry is Creole, lent by her owner Mr. Stavros Niarchos, to be manned by British cadets from the Conway, Dartmouth, Pangbourne, etc. training ships.

If only we can have a repetition of last year's glorious summer weather—with just a little more wind, please—1956 will be as fine a season as anyone can wish for, with a crowded programme including enough of every kind of yachting activity to please everyone.



Above: Group Capt. and Mrs. R. J. M. de St. Leger on their sloop Sylna. Below: Major A. Dix-Lewis, Miss Rosemary Dix-Lewis and Mr. John Sleap



Prince Philip racing with Mr. Uffa Fox in Coweslip during Cowes Week last year



At the Theatre

HEROES v. SKUNKS

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood

OLD-FASHIONED theatre put across with conviction can be an enjoyable tonic. *One Bright Day* at the Apollo harks back to the time when playwrights were adept at devising terrible social dilemmas. The characters, in meeting the dilemmas fearlessly or trying to escape from them ignobly, showed as either heroes or skunks. Mr. Sigmund Miller confronts a group of American big business men with a dilemma that either Galsworthy or Granville Barker would have delighted to exploit. They discover that a drug which they have been selling by the billion contains an element which in rare cases is poisonous. One small boy has in fact died of it.

What shall they do about it? A public statement will mean blue ruin. Shall they change the formula and gradually slide the drug as hitherto sold off the chemists' shelves. That sounds a plausible business expedient, but the planned withdrawal will take time. Meanwhile customers using a drug which they believe to be harmless may die of it.

WE may be surprised that the vital discovery should be made so late in the prosperous history of the firm, but we are ready nevertheless to accept the moral dilemma for the sake of the drama it produces. The question whether to publish the truth or carry out a planned withdrawal is made the test of whether the characters are heroes or skunks. Galsworthy or Granville Barker would have given the dilemma a firmer basis in realism, but Mr. Miller having arranged his dilemma as best he can makes good dramatic use of the possibilities.

The business trust confronted with crisis throws up two leaders. One is the president, a first-class fighting man, hard on lawyers he suspects of blackmailing motives, even harder on colleagues he suspects of betraying him, but a fighter who has always fought clean. He is opposed by a relentlessly efficient younger man who holds that all is fair in love and business. Though he is plotting to take over the control of the business, he is in love with the president's daughter and she with him. This love affair is skilfully woven into the tooth-and-nail business conflict. At the final showdown between the business men, the president who



"ONE BRIGHT DAY" (Apollo Theatre). Left, Julian Prescott (Clive Brook), a business tycoon whose integrity has a hard fight with his material instincts when he is faced with ruin. Below, Arthur Mitchell, a company director (Naunton Wayne) who does not allow conscience to interfere with his amusement, George Lawrence (Derek Farr) who puts business interests first, and Margot Prescott (Renee Asherson) a victim of love

insists on a frank public statement looks like being defeated. He is saved at the last moment by a vote coming from the other side.

The calculation is, that thus confirmed in power by the magnanimity of his opponents, he will not have the heart to ruin the business. So the issue comes to depend in the end on whether the daughter to whom he is devoted will accept her lover's or her father's rule of life.

MISS RENEE ASHERSON gives a good performance as the girl torn between opposing loyalties, but she just fails, I think, to seize her full opportunity when the play is suddenly put into her hands. Mr. Clive Brook is the upright president. He follows his usual method, taking each scene with a deliberation which becomes almost laboured, for the sake of a sudden dramatic effect which is enormously telling. Mr. Derek Farr, on the other hand, renders the capability and the ruthlessness of the president's would-be usurper with the utmost directness, giving a really satisfactory account of the sort of man whose face is as honest as his mind is shifty.

Mr. Naunton Wayne deftly touches in the play's light relief as a self-confessed skunk with a sense of humour. Miss Mary Hinton has a poor part as a wife disguising her natural timidity with an intolerant manner, and Mr. Milton Rosmer is wasted on the doctor whose intention to expose the nature of the drug unnecessarily weakens the tension of the play's moral dilemma.





Paul Tanqueray

CLAIRe BLOOM

THE new historical epic at the Odeon, Leicester Square, *Alexander The Great*, has Claire Bloom's among the list of distinguished names in the cast. She is playing Barsine, the half-Persian wife of the Athenian general Memnon—a rôle in which, though as always she is extremely decorative, she lacks full scope for her singular powers of drama

and pathos. She returned to London last month from New York, where she appeared opposite Jack Hawkins in Shaw's *Caesar And Cleopatra* on colour television, and will be playing Juliet with the Old Vic in June, a part which brought her one of the greatest of her early triumphs. She made her name in the enchanting fantasy of *Ring Round The Moon*, by Jean Anouilh, her performance as the solemn, bewildered innocent bringing her instant acclaim. Recently she has appeared as the tragic Lady Anne, wife to Richard III, in Sir Laurence Olivier's great film



EBONY AND SNOW

THE Continental influence is making a great mark on all the clothes being shown this current season. Here, on the right hand page, we have an original model by the young Italian designer Capucci, exclusive to Harvey Nichols. A fabulous black silk jersey cocktail dress, pin-tucked throughout—with a panel flowing back which can be worn belted or unbelted. Left: an original Harvey Nichols model, with Continental influence. It is in silk jersey again, but pure white, moulded to the body with a draped high bustline. Over this beautiful cocktail dress is worn a sleeveless, black, Persian lamb coat with the new slit floating panels. The hats, both from Harvey Nichols Model department, complete the effect.





ERIK



ERIK



PISSOT and PAVY

BEAUX CHAPEAUX

HATS are such a very outstanding feature and fashion point this season not only for their beauty and style but for their pure femininity that for the last three issues we have made a point of illustrating them. Top left: A short green silk organza boater outlined with lilies of the valley—a beautiful spring and summer hat from Erik. Above: A large white piqué boater with pale pink rose also by Erik. Right: A wonderful, black material, eye shading boater from Vernier. Left: A delicate headhugging white petal hat from Pissot and Pavy. The hats on these pages, with their air of gaiety and supreme delicacy, all have that look of freshness which is so important when they are to be worn in the sometimes merciless brilliance of spring and summer days





John French

CRAYSON'S lightweight, woollen, hazel-nut coloured, boxy jacket and skirt is overcast in buttermilk weave. Price £13 2s. 6d. at Paige of Bond Street. Hat by Dorothy Carlton. The spring suits this year are essentially classic in design, and the jackets boxy; you must wear contrasting style coats with the dresses

THE NOTE IS CONTRAST



JAEGER'S Princess line slim dress in two-tone grey texture weave linen. The price is 12½ gns. at leading Jaeger shops. The hat by Dorothy Carlton

JAEGER'S tube coat in tomato wool features the \wedge line slit plunge pockets and tapered shoulders. It teams up with the dress (above). Price 12½ gns. from Regent Street and other leading Jaeger shops



JACQMAR'S International Collection showed this long slim coat, with the side slit seams, in darning weave pale yellow tweed. Price 29 gns. The matching crystal pleated wool dress is 25 gns.

MATITA'S simple beautifully tailored classic suit is in pale blue and natural cotton brocade. The price is 24 gns. from Marshall and Snelgrove. The chic white straw basket weave hat is by Norman Edwin



John French



Michel Molinare

A STUDY IN CASHMERE

WHAT could be more suitable for the uncertain weather of spring than Ballantyne's softest of soft pure cashmere twin-set in blossom pink and white. The cardigan, which has a charming butterfly motif in Intersica, is $9\frac{1}{2}$ gns., and the short-sleeved pullover $6\frac{1}{2}$ gns. The same cardigan is worn (left) over a town skirt in permanently pleated dark grey Terylene at 8 gns. Alternative colours for the set are white with pale blue butterfly, platinum with dark, flamingo with white. Below, a cashmere/cocktail evening sweater with short sleeves, its deep circular neckline and waistband knitted with contrasting coloured yarn—blossom interwoven with white, pale blue and white, opal and white, etc., 6 gns. The grosgrain cocktail skirt, full, with a deep front inverted pleat, is 14 gns. All from Harvey Nichols



CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK







*They go with
a spring*

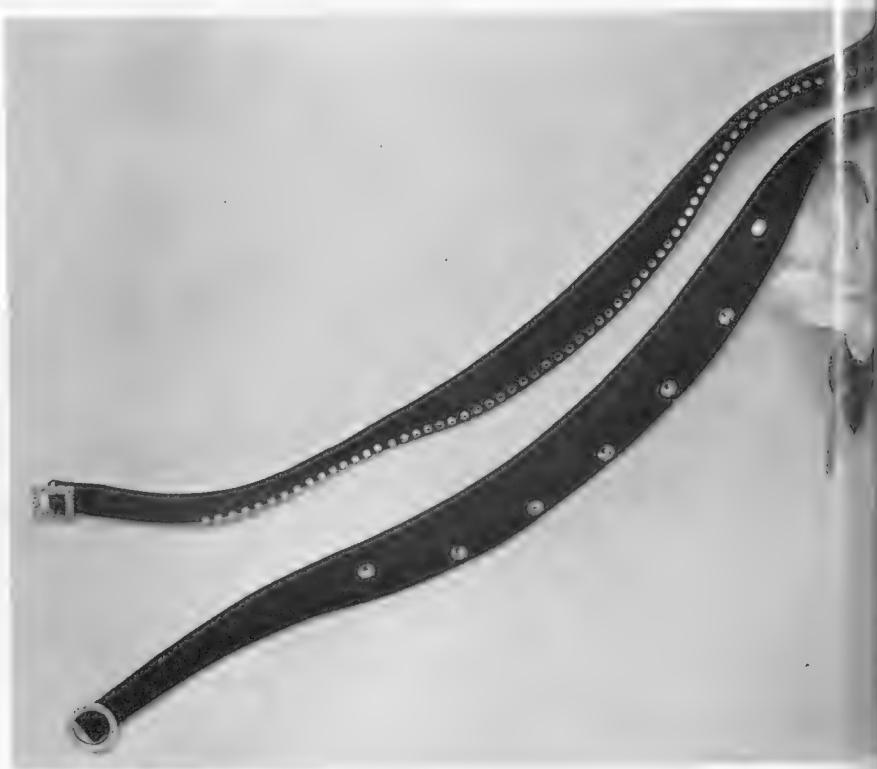
HERE are some attractive accessories to accompany new spring clothes and to rejuvenate and brighten the not-so-new. The selection shown here will carry you right through the day and into the evening

— JEAN CLELAND

Elegant lizard bag, £14 14s., black and pink cravat, 15s. 9d., gilt bracelet with tortoise-shell coloured medals, £2 15s., ear-rings to match, £1 1s. From Marshall and Snelgrove



A gay red suede sac costing £12 12s. which is obtainable from Woollards



Black suede diamanté-trimmed belts. Top one £2 7s. 6d., bottom one £3 7s. 6d. From Woollards



Eng
Top
Ad

urned silver from Mappin and Webb.
o pill boxes, £1 10s. each. Above:
e lipstick case, price £6 19s. 6d.



Dennis Smith

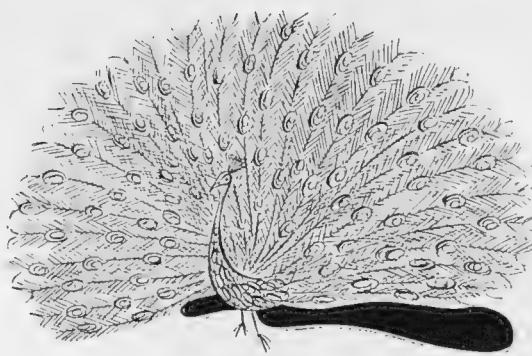
White silk and wool fringed
stole from Fenwick, £4 18s. 6d.



Washable kid gloves, smart and practical
for travelling. Price £1 9s. 6d. from Fenwick



Gay trio for the young girl. Red
plastic washable collar, 2s. 11d.,
matching belt, 10s. 6d., striped
tie, 1s. 11d. All from Fenwick



Beauty

Localized Slimming

WHAT'S my line?" is something that women who want to keep up to date with the latest fashions are continually asking themselves.

Poor harassed souls, the question is a vexed one. With waists, shoulders, busts and hips for ever changing their shape, the effort to keep them in line with the latest mode is becoming increasingly difficult. Wide, narrow, high, low, round, flat—the silhouettes alter with a rapidity that is bewildering to say the least of it.

Now skirts are on the move. With these so much shorter, my thoughts turned to legs and ankles, and in next to no time I was on my way to the salon of Helena Rubinstein, who makes a specialty of "slimming unwanted inches." For those who need reducing in any particular part, without affecting the rest of the body, this is extremely useful. Moreover it is highly effective.

MANY people think that shapely ankles are a gift from the gods, and that those who do not have them can do nothing about it. This is where they are wrong. Although trim ankles are a very pleasant gift, quite a lot can be done to "re-shape" those that are not so trim, if they are given the right kind of treatment. I watched just such a treatment as this in progress, and if ankles are your problem, you may be interested to hear how it is done.

The first step is galvanism. Pads soaked in saline are strapped round the ankles, and this acts as an electrolyte, which drives the heat right through the tissues. The current goes right in with a deep action that opens the pores, relaxes the muscles, and prepares them for the faradism which follows. Faradism exercises the muscles, causing them to recoil and relax. It also works on the fibres.

After faradism comes deep hand massage, which by way of expert movements distributes the acid secretions that collect round the joints, and breaks up fatty deposits. The combined effect of the galvanism, faradism and hand massage is a reduction that is not only most satisfactory, but surprisingly speedy.

Much the same kind of treatment is used for slimming other "odd spots" such as thighs, hips and waist. This is proving immensely popular with older people, who, as the years advance,

tend to suffer from a little thickening here and there. It is also a boon for the younger ones who, soon about to come out for their first season, want to get rid of a little puppy-fat.

Having watched the various processes by which curves and bulges are whittled away, I accepted an invitation from Mrs. Cooper (sister of Helena Rubinstein) to investigate, and enjoy for myself some of the other treatments which can be had in the Rubinstein salon.

First I partook of an "electric blanket" which is one of the best things I know for warming you through and through, and relaxing the tension produced by cold weather. It is also excellent for "all over" slimming, especially when followed by deep body massage.

NEXT I went to the hair salon for a hair-do and one of the lovely Rubinstein colour rinses which give one a new look right away. With my hair still pinned up, I proceeded to a treatment room for what I can best describe as an "Uplift" facial. This did as much to revive my drooping looks in one hour as a week's holiday in warm sunshine. As my skin was looking and feeling very dried up, the main part of the treatment (after cleansing and toning) consisted of an "Eastern Oil" mask. Composed of rich oils, this was spread all over my face, and driven right in by means of the heat from a lamp.

While the facial was in progress, another treatment girl worked on my feet, giving them a pedicure and foot massage that really did put a new spring in my step.

LAST of all I went back to the hair salon to have my hair brushed out and styled, and when I left I looked and felt completely renewed.

If any of you are unable to get away, and are feeling in need of a holiday, as so many are at this time of year, I suggest that you take a day off and spend it in the highly beneficial way I have described. You will discover that it is as good as a week in the country, and will return to your home ready to face the rigours of the season with insouciance and confidence.

—Jean Cleland





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To Her Majesty The Queen
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Debenham & Freebody



**A pure silk suit
for the small woman**
with a soft raglan sleeve
and interesting pockets.
In predominating colours
of red, lime, turquoise,
Italian blue or milk
chocolate, all with a
black and white design.
5' 2" and under to fit
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Hat from the Model Millinery*

Debenham & Freebody
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THE FIAT 600 convertible, with sunshine roof, is a small car expressly designed for comfortable touring, and has many unique features combined with the first-class engineering for which Fiat is famous

Motoring

THE GARAGE TRAP

Oliver Stewart

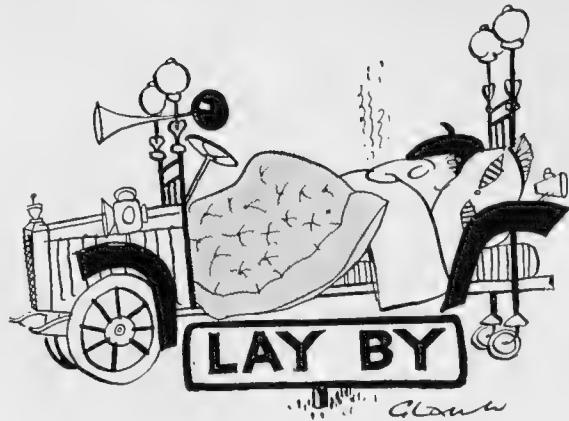
BEWARE the garage of the country hotel: that is my warning of the week. Ten days ago I stayed at a country hotel about ten miles from an experimental station where I was being entertained to dinner. I arrived at about half-past six but, before going upstairs to change, I noticed that all the tables in the dining-room and an adjoining room were laid as for some big dinner party. On inquiry I was told that there was to be a big dinner party, and that guests would be arriving shortly.

Now I had driven into the large garage through a narrow alley and it occurred to me that if there was to be a sudden influx of cars, mine might get jammed in. I talked to the porter and he was blandly affirmative. Yes, he said, the garage would almost certainly be solid with cars in a few minutes' time. It often happened. They once had a guest who wanted to get away but was delayed for three hours because cars had been left all round his car and some of them were locked.

In this instance I was quick enough to escape, for I immediately drove my car out into the street and left it beside the road at a short distance from the hotel. I was able to set off on time. But I was reminded of a less happy occasion last year when I wanted to leave a hotel in the Midlands early in order to go to a circuit where a motor-car race was to be held and was prevented from doing so. Cars had been parked in front and behind mine and there was one alongside it which simply could not be shifted.

THE lesson is threefold: first, take note of the size of the entrances and exits of any garage where there are no attendants; second, try to find a place where the hemming-in process is impossible, and third—for the sake of others—leave the car unlocked.

It is not, in my opinion, selfishness which causes people to leave their cars in positions where they obstruct the movements of others; it is thoughtlessness. And the curious thing is that the more battered the car, the more firmly will it be established in place. It will not only have the hand brake pulled hard on; but the doors will also be locked. And it will be so close to your car that the most brutal use of the steering-wheel will not permit you to escape.



If I have mentioned the garages of country inns to illustrate the point, it is only because of my recent experience. The same thing can occur and does occur in many London squares almost every day. Two- and three-bank parking is indulged in and not a thought is given to the plight of the man whose car is inside and who wants to get away in a hurry.

ACORRESPONDENT, writing from a place near Oxford, has a tale of woe to tell about her experiences when driving at night. She appeals for "hints and tips" to help her. She says that she seems to be dazzled more readily than most drivers and that she has become "terrified" of doing even forty miles in the dark. She complains that if her range of vision is limited by the lights of an oncoming vehicle and she slows, the drivers of other vehicles behind often start flashing their headlamps and even sounding their horns.

This sort of problem has been put to me before, but in somewhat different terms. There can be little doubt that some people do have more difficulty at night than others. There can be no doubt that driving at night is twice as easy along a familiar stretch of road than along an unknown stretch.

The only "hint" I can give—and I will not repeat the usual platitudes about concentration and the rest of it—is concerned with the basic mechanism of sight. It is desirable at night to ensure that the eyes are not confused by insignificant sources of light. So, in spite of the recommendations of some instructors, my advice is that the instrument lights should be turned out and the coolant temperature and oil pressure should be left to look after themselves. It is also useful to study the car interior in order to discover whether there are any polished parts—ashtrays, radio speakers or even door fittings—which are so placed and so shaped that they act as efficient light reflectors and add to the dazzle. The objective must be to ensure that there is nothing in the car which may distract the attention from the road ahead.

IT must be admitted that, on some of the main roads, the lights of vehicles, traffic signs, street lighting systems and advertisements combine to offer a puzzle to the eyes. But my correspondent is right in reducing speed when that puzzle tends to become too much for her. She should then ignore the light flashing and horn sounding of which she speaks.

One more thing might be added to what I have said about this inquiry and it is concerned with the final point. There is a tendency among drivers in Great Britain to express impatience when any other driver fails to conform to their average pace. The horn blowing and light flashing mentioned by my correspondent are common. But one of the first things a new driver should learn is to take no notice of such signs of impatience. To be stampeded into action which is not well considered is the quickest way to an accident.

The car you are controlling is your responsibility and no one else's. Do what you, in your considered judgment, think is right.

B.M.C.—New prices. In our issue dated March 21, the Austin-Healey black and white page advertisement (page 525) carried the old price of £750 plus P.T. The current price is £806 basic plus £404 7s. 0d. P.T.



One up at the 19th...

Your successful man though he "lose" the game and a fiver at the 18th can still win a £5,000 contract at the 19th. He never does the obvious—never drives up in a car whose pretentiousness proclaims profits. His Wolseley Six-Ninety, like its owner, has a quiet, purposeful distinction and an unmistakably well-bred air behind which lie power in plenty, an airy expansiveness and a taste for the finer comforts.

The Wolseley Six-Ninety is the perfect car for the successful man of affairs—fast and flexible, stable and richly comfortable, its roominess (armchair-width for each of 6 persons) and amenities are those of a car

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REMEMBER. Quality and dependability are guaranteed by the B.M.C. Used-Car Warranty and you are certain of a good deal when you sell.

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Penelope Harrison, daughter of Lt.-Col. J. F. and the Hon. Mrs. Harrison, of King's Walden Bury, Herts, is to marry Major J. R. C. Riley, Coldstream Guards, son of Lt.-Col. C. J. M. Riley, M.C., Seigneur de la Trinité, Jersey, and the late Mrs. Riley



Miss Jennifer Jane Clark, elder daughter of Sir Andrew Clark, Bt., and Lady Clark, of Thurloe Square, S.W.7, is engaged to Mr. John Bertrand Worsley, the youngest son of the late Mr. R. S. L. Worsley, and of Mrs. Victor Jones, of Broxmead, Cuckfield, Sussex



Miss Verena Patricia Bromley-Kemp, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. A. L. Bromley-Kemp, and of Mrs. Dallas, of Fribourg, Switzerland, is to marry Mr. H. Vanier White-Smith, son of the late Sir H. White-Smith, C.B.E., and Lady Millicent White-Smith, of Cooden, Sussex



Miss Carolyn Calburn, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Calburn, of Brompton Square, S.W.3, is engaged to Mr. John Sewell Faulder, the son of Mr. R. S. Faulder, of Milan, and of Mrs. R. Faulder, of Thurlby Croft, Mulberry Close, N.W.4



Sims—Wilkins. Mr. Keith Sims, only son of the late Mr. V. O. Sims and of Mrs. Doris Sims, of The Woodfields, Sanderstead, Surrey, married Miss Christine Wilkins, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Wilkins, of Woodcrest Road, Purley, Surrey, at All Saints, Sanderstead



Smart—Brenchley. Dr. J. Gordon Smart, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Smart, of Harrow, Middlesex, married Miss José G. Brenchley, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Brenchley, of Faversham, Kent, at Ospringe Church, near Faversham



Mansergh—Hastie. Lt. Michael Mansergh, R.N., elder son of Admiral Sir Maurice and Lady Mansergh, of Bryanston Court, W.I., was married to Miss Margaret Hastie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Hastie, of The Dingle, Horton, Gower, Glam., at St. James's Church, Swansea



Dalrymple—Edwards. Major the Hon. Colin Dalrymple, youngest son of the Earl and Countess of Stair, of Lochinch Castle, Stranraer, Scotland, married Miss Fiona Edwards, daughter of Vice-Admiral Sir Ralph and Lady Edwards, of Empshott Lodge, Liss, Hants, at St. Columba's Church of Scotland

Pearch—Squire. Mr. Robert L. Pearch, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Pearch, of Cokehurst, East Farleigh, Kent, married Miss Mary Elizabeth Squire, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric Squire, of Pyper's Plot, Stoke Poges, Bucks, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge

Wrenbury—Burn-Murdoch. The marriage took place of Lord Wrenbury, son of Helen Lady Wrenbury and the late Lord Wrenbury, and Miss Carolyn Burn-Murdoch, daughter of Col. Ian Burn-Murdoch, O.B.E., and Mrs. Ian Burn-Murdoch, of Gartincaber, Doune, Perthshire, at Dunblane Cathedral





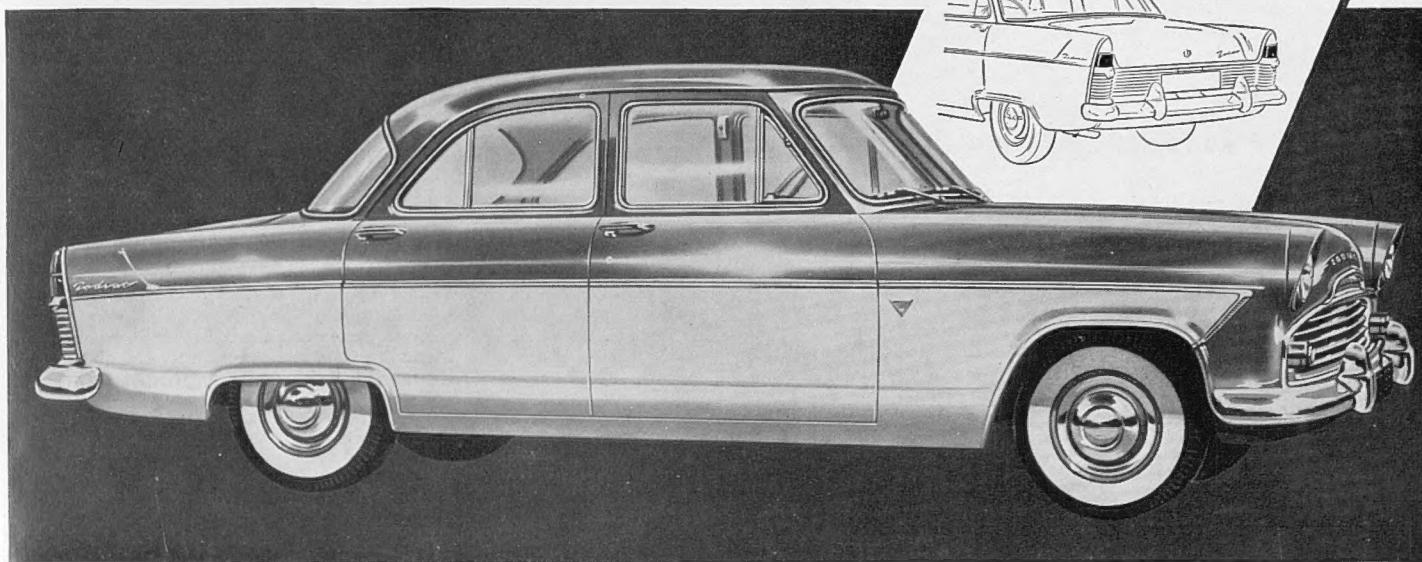
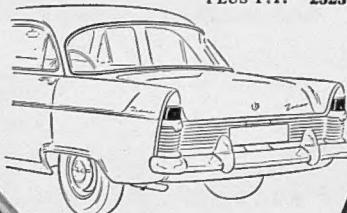
Stars overnight!



THE THREE GRACES

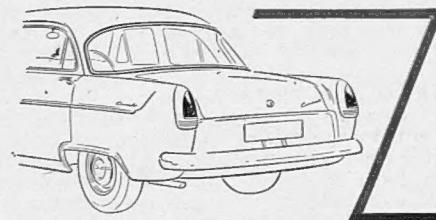
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ZEPHYR

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'FIVE-STAR' MOTORING AND FORD SERVICE TOO



- see your dealer now



MISS GARTH, of Sheppery's, has been a newspaper reporter, short story writer, publicist, historian and sociologist. This great variety of occupations has well fitted her to be one of the patrons of this delightful restaurant in Shepherd Market

Ivon de Wynter

DINING OUT

Stet Fortuna Domus

ONE of my most treasured possessions is a copy of *Dinners And Diners: Where and how to dine in London*, written by Lt.-Col. Newnham-Davis and published in 1899.

One of the longest chapters is devoted to "Dinner at The Trocadero (Shaftesbury Avenue)," where the colonel was entertaining to dinner the son of an old friend, who was on his way back to Harrow.

Jones Minor arrived at his club at half past seven dressed in a faultless black short jacket and trousers, a white waistcoat, and a tuberose in his buttonhole. When asked if he knew the Trocadero, he replied that he had not dined there; but plenty of boys in his house had, and had said that it was jolly good.

Mr. Alfred Salmon and the maître d'hôtel both showed them to their table, which had been heaped with roses in their honour, but Jones Minor appeared to be unimpressed.

Let the colonel take up the story himself: "I had intended to give him the five shilling *table d'hôte* meal; but in face of this calm superiority I abandoned that, skipped the 7s. 6d. *table d'hôte* as well, and ordered the half-guinea one. I had thought that three-and-sixpennyworth of wine should be ample for a growing boy, but having rushed into reckless extravagance over the food, I thought I would let him try seven-and-sixpennyworth of wine. I personally ordered a pint of 277, which is an excellent wine.

"We drank our *potage vert-pré* out of silver plates, but this had no more effect on Jones Minor than if they had been earthenware.

"THE *filets mignons*, from his face, Jones Minor seemed to like; but he restrained all his emotions with Spartan severity. He did not contradict me when I said that the *petites bouchées à la St.-Hubert* were good; but he ate *three sorbets*, and looked as if he could tackle three more, which showed me that the real spirit of the Harrow boy was there somewhere under the glacial surface, if I could only get at it.

"Mr. Lyons, piercing of eye, his head-covering worn a little through by the worries of the magnitude of his many undertakings, with little side whiskers and a little moustache, passed by, and I introduced the boy to him.

"When Jones Minor had made a clean sweep of the plate of *petits fours*, and had drained the last drops of his glass of Chartreuse, I thought I might venture to ask him how he liked his dinner, as a whole. . . . He said that he thought that it was jolly good.

"IMPRESSED into using a new adjective Jones Minor should be somehow. So, with Mr. Isidore Salmon as escort, I took him over the big house from top to bottom. He shook the chef's hand with the serenity of a prince, in the kitchen at the top of the house, and showed some interest in the wonderful roasting arrangements worked by electricity and the clever method of registering orders. He gazed at the mighty stores of meat and vegetables, peeped into the cosy private dining-rooms, had the beauties of the noble Empire Ballroom explained to him, and, finally, in the grill-room, amid the surroundings of Cipollini marble and old copper, the excellent string band played a gavotte, at my request, as being likely to take his fancy.

"Then I asked Jones Minor what he thought of it all, and he said he thought it jolly good."

The colonel then paid the bill: Two dinners, £1 1s. 0d.; wine, 7s. 6d.; half 277, 7s. 0d.; liqueur, 2s. 6d.; total £1 18s. 0d.

The motto of the mighty school of Harrow is *Stet fortuna domus*, "May the good fortune of the house continue." If it is still populated with such stoics as Jones Minor, I think it is extremely likely that its fortunes are assured.

- I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Perfidious Albion

IT always amuses me that my favourite French cookery books invariably refer to the very simplest dishes as being "à l'Anglaise."

"Pommes de Terre à l'Anglaise," for instance, are boiled potatoes without fuss. "Mutton's (sic) Stew à l'Anglaise" is nothing more or less than Irish Stew. And Escoffier says that the deep-frying of egg-and-bread-crumbed fish and other foods is "à l'Anglaise." It strikes me that the term gives the writers the opportunity of including thoroughly good wholesome dishes in their books without acknowledging them as French.

But some of these dishes, prepared and served in English style, seem curious to me. "Poached Eggs à l'Anglaise" are a case in point. The cooked eggs, I read, are placed on slices of fried bread, covered with grated cheese, sprinkled with hazel-coloured melted butter and put for two minutes in a very hot oven. Nothing very simple about that. . . .

It is strange, though, how, over the years, one still remembers a simple dish with a name the chef refused to acclaim as anything but "Anglaise." Such was boiled chicken, described as "Poularde à l'Anglaise," served with hot slices of pickled pork, plain boiled potatoes, garden peas and an almost clear, slightly thickened sauce, made from the chicken stock and flecked with vivid green freshly chopped parsley. Plain though it was, I do not remember ever having had a better chicken dish.

ANOTHER very English dish I used to love to serve was a small leg of very lightly pickled pork (not more than 8 lb.), gently simmered with carrots, parsnips and whole onions, and accompanied by pease pudding. One invited at least eight friends to enjoy that meal.

Our butchers have not quite got back to pickling nice lean brisket or silver-side, which is a pity because, simmered with vegetables and served with dumplings, it is grand. If the beef were not too salt, there was a wonderfully flavoured stock for soup.

We used to cover the beef with water, add carrots, turnips, whole onions and for the last half hour thickly sliced cabbage, and simmer until cooked. We would pour some of the stock into another wide pan, drop dumplings into it and cook them to the light featherweight stage. The stock from the dumplings served as a sauce because it thickened as they cooked.

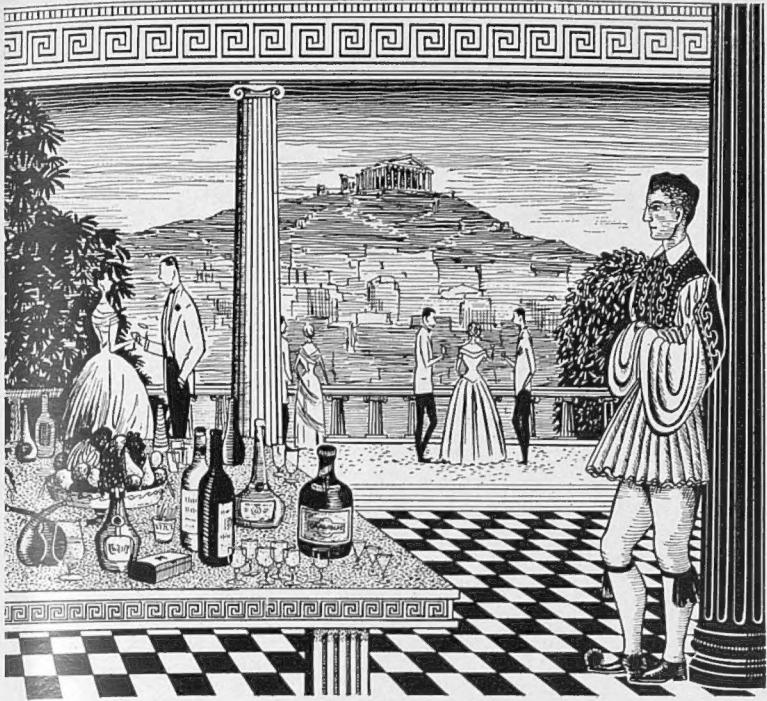
This was a dish fit for farmhouse or mansion, a most worthy representative of the English menu, with a whole gamut of flavours to be discovered by the palate and appreciated both severally and jointly, while the dumplings added a staying consistency without a suspicion of stogginess.

HERE is another lovely cut "à l'Anglaise," this time served cold. Get the butcher to bone, roll and tie a 3-lb. piece of thick flank (nearest the sirloin). Place it on the bones in a casserole or pot in which it just fits. Add a breakfastcup of water with freshly-milled pepper and salt to your own liking. Put on the lid and very gently simmer on the top of the stove for 3 to 3½ hours. If you can smell it overmuch during the cooking, it is cooking too hard. You are then losing the flavour, so keep the heat low.

Lift out, remove the string and press the meat into a bowl, mould or cake tin small enough to make it a tight fit. Stand it in a deep platter and strain the hot stock (fat removed) into the bowl to overflowing. Put a plate on top and a 4-lb. scale weight on top of it and leave until next day. That meat—jellied meat!—is as tender as butter and tastes not unlike tongue, but how much less it costs!

- Helen Burke





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